

with more than you tell you trying
who are ready to take up their guns to defend the cause you are advocating.
I am among others, abused Sam Jones for saying he was ready to take up his rifle, if it was the only way to put down the whisky traffic.
A bright little woman and her husband, both of them Prohibitionists, were talking to me on the streets of Lexington the other day. The lady said, "Brother Moore, I have a boy just fifteen years old, and so great is my dread of these saloons, that I am afraid any night if he stays out a few minutes too late.
If any saloon-keeper were to sell liquor to my son. I believe I would kill him."
Two of the most influential and popular Lexington Democrats have lately been indicted for selling liquor to minors, and not very long since a Democrat who drinks whisky and knows the saloons told me of a saloon-keeper in this town, who had deliberately set about to ruin the young son of a lady, by inviting the boy in and giving him liquor, in order to avenge himself on the lady who was very abusive of all saloon-keepers.
It's coming as sure as you are a foot high, and the woman are going to bring it, because the men are too cowardly.
Good women in Missouri have twice recently marched on saloons with axes and implements and destroyed them.
A few days since the women of a town took rakes and hoes and went around the town and tore down the large advertising bill of one of these "leg shows" that are pasted all over Lexington, and patronized by what is called our "best society."
There is not a man in Kentucky with moral instincts any higher than a hog who does not look at the saloon-keeper and his business as infamous.
Lately a drunken negro on a train coming into Lexington, pulled out his pistol in the ladies car and fired at the conductor. The ball struck a young lady from our good society under the eye and came out behind at the base of the skull.
Common sense would say that we should not hold that liquor crazed negro alone responsible for the shooting of that young lady.
Of course he is no account and ought to be kept at labor in the penitentiary for the rest of his life. But why excuse the saloon-keeper who sold that negro the whisky that made him drunk? He ought to be put in the penitentiary with the negro; and the distiller who made the whisky that the saloon-keeper sold that negro ought to be put in the penitentiary with both of them.
That distiller and the saloon-keeper, knew even better than that negro who drank the whisky, that what they furnished was a vile poison that was causing men to commit all kinds of crimes every day.
The law of this state requires that a "skull and bones" label shall be put upon all poisons sold. That distiller and saloon-keeper both knew that they were selling a poison a thousand times more fatal than all others combined, and when crimes like this result from it they ought to be punished for it.
To avoid the difficulty of having our ladies shot by drunken negroes in the ladies cars, it is proposed to have cars for the whites and others for negroes.
It is an unjust discrimination. Drunken and indecent people, white and black ought to be put in a car by themselves, and decent people regardless of any other distinction, ought to ride together in other cars.
Half the time that I ride on trains I have to hunt for a seat, even in the ladies car, where some ruffian has not been spitting tobacco juice on the floor. No man who would spit tobacco juice on a car floor, should be allowed to ride on a railroad except in a hog car.
Lately I traveled in a car in which there were ladies, when I was going to Niagara. There were drunken white men who talked indecently and smoked in the car.
Had Hector the "Black Knight," a real negro, and a fine orator in the Prohibition party been present, I should have enjoyed his company. He is as black a man as you often see, and used to be a slave in Kentucky.
I would be glad to entertain him at my house, though there are white men in Lexington who are leaders in politics that I would not invite into my house, because they are not fit to be invited into any gentleman's house.
There is not a man of any sense in Kentucky who does not know that what I say about this is good sense, good religion, good morals, and thoroughly in harmony with the genius of the government of the United States; and yet of all the newspapers in Kentucky, political or religious, the poor little Blue Grass Blade is the first one to say anything like this.

That sounds very much like the editor of the Standard had read some things that I have recently said about Col. Ingersoll that were complimentary of him.
Before I saw this piece in the Standard however, I had written, as suggested by the letter of Bro. A. H. Mason of Cleveland, Ohio, which I published, a pretty tart stricture upon Col. Ingersoll, charging him with inconsistency in not having advocated Prohibition and woman suffrage.
I do not think though that I was quite as bitter in my remarks against him as our Christian brother of the Standard is.
I now reaffirm my conviction that while Col. Ingersoll has done great good in the world, simply by combatting error, his influence for good has been greatly weakened by the fact that he is not the recognized champion of any modern reform.
He is a Republican, and sticks to Blaine whom he immortalized by calling him a "plumed knight," despite the fact that Blaine has made a bid for the support of the liquor traffic for presidency, by using his official position to extend the beer business of the United States into South America.
Nor is Blaine's "bloody shirt" record, nor some little matters in his life of an amatory nature, exactly what we would expect would elicit the admiration of any man who poses as a moralist, as I think Col. Ingersoll does.
But for all this I must insist that about this editorial of the Standard there is a kind of double back action arrangement that is somewhat suggestive of a boom-crang.
Haddock, a Prohibition preacher was killed by the liquor men for preaching against the liquor traffic, and these liquor devils have killed two other Prohibitionists; whether preachers or not I do not know. But excepting this one, or possibly these three, can our brother of the Standard show that in any modern days any preacher in the United States has gotten "egged" or "stoned" or "shackled" any more than Ingersoll has? Who in America has "shrieked" longer and louder than Talmage has? He has advertised himself more than Barnum ever did, and while neither Jesus nor Paul ever got a nickel for preaching the gospel, Talmage has made more money by preaching than Ingersoll has made by his lectures, his books and his law practice.
Lyman Abbott, Beecher's successor, who lately went with Billy Breckinridge to Iowa, to beat Prohibition, and was boomed and boosted by the liquor papers for what he said there, gets more money for his preaching than Ingersoll does for his lectures, and "shrieked for liberty" of men to get drunk when they want to; and we don't hear anything about his getting his "shine" into shackles, or having omelettes made out of back number eggs pasted over his anatomy.
Beside this Ingersoll is not in the martyr business, while the preaching brethren are. Don't we read somewhere that "They who live godly shall suffer persecution?"
Poor little Bro. Paul was kicked about until he could tell a story boot from a French calf the darkest night that came, just by feeling the toe of it, with his back to it and his hands in his breeches pocket. But what preacher in these days has such treatment as that?
That thing about "the rabble in the immediate background" of "heaven Bob," don't go down with me worth a cent. I claim to be the social peer of any man in America, and when as a newspaper reporter, I have sat in the "immediate background" of Ingersoll when he was speaking, I saw in the foreground, an audience whose faces bespoke as much intelligence as I ever saw in any church; and to-day if the editor of the Standard were to tackle old

Some Little Things that Show the Prohibition Outlook
On the streets of Lexington in the last few days people have said things to me that make me believe that the liquor infamy will have to go down. It may take some blood to do it, but it will go down.
A gentleman of high standing who is a valuable business man, and has always been a Democrat, was talking to me about the new constitution of the State of Kentucky, and congratulated himself that it arranged for the Australian secret ballot system in voting.
He said "I have not voted my sentiments for years, my best Democratic friends will go and give their patronage to my Republican rival in business, if I do not vote with them."
It seems to me a humiliating confession, and that the difference between that and selling one's vote, in the way it is ordinarily done, is merely technical, but it was very significant of good to the Prohibition party. Of course that man does not propose to vote with the Republicans when he can "vote his sentiments."
I suppose he never heard or read any Prohibition argument in his life except the Blue Grass Blade. He has read every copy of that pizenous sheet from the beginning, and the virus of its politics and religion has struck in on him.
A large proportion of the Democratic party are nice people, apart from their politics, and they are ashamed of the fact, which they recognize among themselves, that the Irish and the saloon-keepers and bummers and drunk politicians are running this city and state. You can hardly find a farmer in good standing in Fayette county who will not plainly tell you that, but they can not leave their business to squabble among these town statesmen who do their work at night in saloons.
The better class of Democrats in the city are afraid of the boycott in their business, and they have not the courage to face the danger of it. But many of them would be glad to "vote their sentiments" if they dared to do so, and when they get the secret ballot they will vote their sentiments.
They will vote to put down the liquor supremacy, and I believe they have sense enough to know that nothing but Prohibition will do that.
I believe that many of them will vote for Prohibition to beat the Catholic element of usurpation in the liquor traffic.
I want to see all religions, including that of the Chinaman, put on an equal footing here, but it is plain that Catholicism is demanding a political recognition here as no other church would dare to do.
It is recognized as being all right, that in a contest for an office between Catholics and Protestants, the Catholics should all go for the Catholic. But if, in such a contest, the Protestants should all go for the Protestant, not only the Catholics, but many of the cowardly Protestants, would claim that that was religious bigotry and intolerance.
Of course we may have exceptions to this rule, but all intelligent men will recognize the accuracy of the general statement that I make.
Another little instance of a sentiment I got the other day, in Lexington, from a physician.
He told me that last August he had cast his first vote for Prohibition. He seemed to recognize that I had felt discouraged by the difficulties with which I had to contend, and he said, "Brother

It may be that I will never get the people to think my way about these matters, but I intend to die trying
Come again my old "Campbellites" Bully for you."

A Prohibition newspaper called the Blade, and published at Elkhorn, Wisconsin, contains the following:
Several church organizations have by resolution taken very strong ground on the liquor question, but the Christian church (Campbellite) in convention assembled at Elgin, Ill., have placed themselves well in the lead by adopting the following by a unanimous vote:
Whereas, The liquor power has become the front and center of all offending to the social, religious and political well-being of the people of this nation; and
Whereas, Great religious assemblies have in convention declared it to be the chief and deadliest enemy of Christ and His church, and yet that the churches have refused to purge themselves of complicity in its continuance; therefore be it
Resolved, That this church will hereafter maintain in good faith the righteousness and glory of Christ against any and all complicity with his enemy, the saloon dragon, and that we will not offer Christian fellowship with any who uphold the license system in any manner, either by signing a bond, leasing property, issuing a license or by voting for a candidate or for a party that tolerates licensing the liquor traffic.

What's the reason the Christian church in Lexington, Kentucky, can't pass resolutions like that? Because they are cowards.
While this liquor devilry is running our city, and handing the whole town over to "rum, Romanism and rebellion," the preachers in the Christian church, are still fussing about the mode of baptism.
Talk about Nero fiddling while Rome was burning!
The saloon has the church by the throat, and is choking it until it is black in the face.
I was talking to Bro. Felix of the Baptist church in Lexington the other day. He has done more for Prohibition than any preacher in the town and is a good man.
I asked him what he thought about the "Ungodly League" editorial in the New York Voice. He did not like it. Thought it was too radical. One of the officers of his church is a saloon-keeper who has been elected by the city of Lexington to fill the chair in the legislature of Kentucky that was once filled by Henry Clay.
If Bro. Felix should dare to say anything like that Christian church at Elgin, Ill., has said, that saloon-keeper statesman would have him put out of the church.
That Illinois church is getting down to what all the churches will have to do that do not want to stand amenable to the charge of the New York Voice that "the church is the bulwark of the rum power."
That Elgin church says it will not allow any man in its communion that votes for any Democrat or Republican. That's the word with the bark on it. That's sense and that's Christianity.

I am not the only man who is a Prohibition Fanatic.
Mr. CARMEL, Ky., Nov. 3, '91.
Bro. C. C. Moore,

When I read that article headed "The last words of a discouraged Prohibitionist," I could not help it—the tears would gather thick and fast, and it took my powerful effort to read that article as I ought to be read, to my wife who asked me to read it to her.
I am so rejoiced to see the old Blade that in my inmost soul I am continually shouting Glory to God, and praying to God for you and yours and for the success of the Blade.
I see Bro. Rummans again in the Blade and I endorse all he says about you. He has not sent me the name of that church member, deacon or elder so that I could send him the Blade. I hope that he will do so. Rest assured that I am for you and the Blade just as long as you continue to throw hot shot into the enemy's camp.
Sometimes I over estimate myself. I feel like I could face and overcome all the Pharisaical hypocritical preachers and church members in the world, single handed. But in my sober moments my soul calls for Charley Moore.
I will have to obey the dictates of my conscience—give more support to the Prohibition cause and less to the church.
I hope the editor of the Voice will come again soon.
Van Bennett is doing a grand work. I am going to send you more subscribers if you continue the Blade.
No other man like you in old Kentucky.
E. C. ROLPH.

The enemies of Prohibition have been in the habit of calling us "fanatics." There is getting to be some truth in what they say, and when we all get to be "fanatical" as I hope we will get, you are going to see these whisky voting Christians weaken, and as soon as they begin to do that the editors and bar-room statesmen will begin to tumble to the racket.
I have just been talking to one of the pillars of the church as good a man as I ever knew, except that he is possessed of the devil of the liquor traffic; does not use it himself, but somehow or other he does not want to "throw away his vote," and he votes with the Democrats like so many other people do—just going it blind because that's the way he has been doing for years, and he has been in a habit of answering my arguments for Prohibition by expressing his great regret about my religious views, as if my believing wrong justified him in doing wrong.
But he and his family have been reading the Blade, and his wife and daughters are Prohibitionists, and his youngest son cast his first vote last August, and it was for Prohibition.
The father is beginning to weaken and feel sorter lonely in his own family, and looks kinder like he was out in the cold.
He found out that he could not fool me nor his own wife and daughters and sons, with his old whisky stinking Democratic claptrap, and now he seems to be having hard work to fool himself, and keep himself fooled.
He's awfully interested in my spiritual welfare, and he reads the Blade to see how I am going to come out on it, and every time he sees one of these letters from a good earnest honest Christian, like Bro. Ralph, he sorter weakens in the knees, and the Prohibition argument soaks into him, and he thinks about old Grover's bull neck and hog jowls and little Ben Harrison's hat and then he thinks about our dead standard bearer, Fisk, a Christian philanthropist, and Brooks a Christian preacher, and he remembers that I voted for these two men for President and Vice President of the United States, while he voted for a man whose friends did not deny the charge that he was a libertine; and it looks to him some how that things are kinder mixed, and I think his conscience and his politics are not getting along very well together, and he is not getting much consolation out of his family, and I think he will manage to get along the best he can until on toward the time for the Presidential election next year, and he will make the good confession and vote for the Prohibition candidate for President, who will probably be ex-Governor John P. St. John, a Christian and a gentleman without a blemish.
The way to treat these men is to beat them at their own game. Charge right home on them that with all their sanctified talk, every man is an infidel of the most damnable dye and an open and avowed enemy of all true religion, who at this day does not come out boldly and like a man to help the little Prohibition band, who like Leonidas and the Spartans at Thermopylae, are standing against the liquor voting hosts whose darts darken the sun above them.
"We are coming Father Abraham five hundred thousand strong."
"And who ever shall fall on this stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder."

I will not "Discontinue" it.
DANVILLE, KY., Nov. 1891.
Mr. MOORE—My best wishes go with you and your paper. I think you are doing a grand work; but I am not able to pay you for it and I would not think of taking it on time.
In the near future I may be a subscriber, but not now. So please discontinue it.
Respectfully,
L. A. FREEMAN.

No Sir; it will go to you free man, if somebody else does not pay me for it.
I am still a betting on old Elijah's ravens coming along, or a crow, or a buzzard or a wood pecker or a jay bird, or some fellow. Don't you give yourself any uneasiness about that dollar; the Blade will get there all the same, and somebody will send me that dollar, and I have no idea in the world who it will come from.

Appointments of Professor A. L. Vols. Prohibition State Organizer.
Benson, Tuesday, Nov. 17, 6:45 p.m.
Lytle Pk. Wed. " 18, 6:45 p.m.
Minorsville, Thu. " 19, 6:45 p.m.
Oxford, Fri. " 20, 6:45 p.m.
Paynes Dept. Sat. " 21, 2 p.m.
Georgetown, Mon. " 23, 6:45 p.m.
Newtown, Tues. " 24, 6:45 p.m.
Centerville, Wed. " 25, 6:45 p.m.
Millersburg, Thur. " 26, 6:45 p.m.
Paris, Fri. " 27, 6:45 p.m.
Clintonville, Sat. " 28, 6:45 p.m.

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TO ALL PERSONS TO WHOM THE BLADE MAY COME.

The issue of Oct. 24th begins the second year of the Blade, and I hope that those who intend to take it will be as prompt as they can in paying me for it—\$2.00 a year for persons in good circumstances, and \$1.00 a year for persons who can not afford to pay more, and will tell me so.
The Blade will go to all persons to whom it went last year who have not ordered it discontinued. Those who have not paid me for last year will please do so, if they feel that they ought to do so, and if not, please notify me to discontinue it, in order that I may not incur further loss by sending it to them.
I will have no collector and will not dun you for it.
If you are willing to pay me send the amount by mail and you will receive a receipt.
Fraternally yours,
CHARLES C. MOORE.

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D. MILLER, D. G. EDWARDS, Traffic Manager, G. P. & T. A. CINCINNATI, O.

Not Interested.
W. Jennings Demorest is not interested in the Demorest Fashion and Sewing Machine Company, the failure of which was announced recently. Four or five years ago he and Mme. Demorest sold out their interest to the company, which was formed under the laws of Pennsylvania.
Lighting the Hills.
When long ago in warlike days the foe came And threatened to destroy the homes to manhood over dear, Before electric wires had bound each shore to ocean side, And voiced with cables breath the depths of grand Atlantic's tide, Two human hands that bore the news from valley to hill, And in a blazing bonfire sent the message with a thrill, O'er leagues of miles, 'till all the land was ruddy in the glow Of smothering torches telling of the coming of the foe.

There's murmur in the valleys, and a step along the plain, Or a mighty host coming to light the hills again; Did the sun seem to melt? Did you know a threat thunders to destroy our homes so dear? There is music in their coming, and the sound of childhood's mirth; And their chorus is the grandest ever heard in all the earth; The light shall never fall, nor the prayer shall cease, until Saloons are banished from the land, by schools on every hill.

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